

The History of

Henry the Fourth.

Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene:
For teares do stop the flood-gates of her eies.

Ho. O Iesu, hee doth it as like one of these harlotry Players,
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time,
but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammo-
mille, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the
more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue
partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a vil-
lanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather
lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, herelieth
the poynt; why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at: shall
the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of; and it is knowne to ma-
ny in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient wri-
ters doe report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest:
For *Harry,* now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares,
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now
I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lew-
dly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his lookes; if
then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*,
him keepe with the rest banish: and tell me now, thou naughty
varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince.

Prince. Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou
and Ile play my father.

Fal. D. pose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, s
ly both in word and matter, hang me vp by the hee
bet-sucker, or a Poulters hare.

Prince Well, heere I am set.

Fals. And heere I stand, iudge my maisters.

Prince. Now *Harry,* whence come you?

Fals. My noble Lord, from *Eastcheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieu

Fals. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, Ile ri
young *Prince* yfaith.

Prince. Swarest thou, vngracious boy? hencefor
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace,
uell haunts thee in the likenesse of a fat old man, a t
isthy companion: why dost thou conuerse with th
humors, that boulding-hutch of beasliness, that sw
of Dropsies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuff
of guttes, that rosted Manning tree Oxe with the
his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, tha
sian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but t
and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to ca
and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? where
in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? v
thy, but in nothing?

Fals. I would your Grace would take mee with y
meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable misleader o
stallfe, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I kno

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him the
were to say more then I know: that he is old (the r
tie) his white haire do witnesse it: but that he is (la
uerence) a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if Sac
be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old an
sinne, then many an old Host that I know, is dam
fate, be to be hated, then *Pharohs* leane kine are
No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardol*, bani

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